

Bright Eyes, Road To Joy (Motion Sickness)

The sun came up with no conclusions
Flowers sleeping in their beds.
The city's cemetery's humming
I'm wide awake it's morning.

And I have my drugs, I have my woman
They keep away my loneliness
My parents they have their religion
but sleep in separate houses.

And I read the body count out of the paper
and now it's written all over my face.
No one ever plans to sleep out in the gutter,
sometimes that's just the most comfortable place.

So, I'm drinking breathing, writing singing
every day I'm on the clock.
My mind races with all my longings
But can't keep up with what I've got.
So I hope this don't sound too ungrateful,
what history gave modern men
telephones to talk to strangers
machine guns and a camera lens.

So, when you're asked to fight a war that's over nothing.
It's best to join the side that's gonna win.
And no one's sure how all of this got started,
But we're gonna make 'em god damn certain how it's gonna end.
Oh yeah we will, oh yeah, we have to

Well I could have been a famous singer,
if I had someone else's voice.
But failure's always sounded better
let's fuck it up boys, make some noise!

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